

The Pocahontas Times.

If thou would'st read a lesson that will keep Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep, Go to the woods and hills.—Longfellow.

Vol. 20 No. 25

Marlinton, Pocahontas County, West Virginia, January 9, 1902

\$1.00 a Year

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Physician and Surgeon,
MARLINTON, W. VA.
Office and residence opposite the
Marlinton Hotel. All calls an-
swered promptly.

L. J. MARSHALL, M. D.
Physician and surgeon,
MARLINTON, W. VA.
All calls promptly answered.
Office over Marlinton Drug Store.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,
Dentist,
MONTEREY, VA.
Will visit Pocahontas county at
least twice a year. The exact date
of his visit will appear in the
paper.

DR. M. STOUT,
DENTIST,
Has located and is ready for
business in the Bank of Marlinton
building, Marlinton, W. Va.

HENRY A. SLAVEN,
Practical Land Surveyor,
Meadow Dale, Virginia.
Maps and Blue Prints a specialty.
Work in Pocahontas County solic-
ited.

ON TO GRAFTON

An Account of one of the First Oc-
currences of the Civil War

They mustered in their simple
dress,
For wrongs to seek a stern re-
dress;
To right those wrongs come weal
or woe,
To perish, or o'ercome the foe—
Scott.

On the morning following May
22nd, 1861, I arose quite early and
very much refreshed. Having
breakfasted, I joined Mr. Harris
and his party, as they soon drove
by, and took up my line of march
for Cheat Mountain, not without
some misgivings of possible
trouble however.

We were so fortunate as to
cross the mountain without any
hindrance whatever and had there
been no such thing as war, the
shady recesses of that renowned
mountain could not have been
freer from the least suspicion of
rude alarms and fratricidal strife,
as it was that day.

Early in the afternoon, the val-
ley beyond was entered, and the
party in the carriage drove on
more rapidly than I cared to ride.
As I was riding along rather leisu-
rally calling to mind from his cab-
in door some distance away. I
stopped and waited developments.
He gave me to understand that
he thought from my military fix-
ings that I might have something
to do with the army, that had
come along a day or two before.
He inquired if there were more
soldiers coming on to kill all the
mean fellows in the country? I
told him that I knew of none com-
ing on and it was my hope that
no more would be needed at pres-
ent. He appeared to think I was
mistaken. Just as I left him a
third person appeared rather sud-
denly and as I looked back I saw
they were conversing in a rather
earnest manner. He soon came
on at a fast trot and overtook me,
and in a conversation with him he
spoke of what I had said to that
other man about the probabilities
of war and that I expressed the
opinion that no very active opera-
tions would be carried on until
July 4th. In the further course of
our conversation he remarked
that he had taken me for a bearer
of dispatches or holding some oth-
er high office. He was given to
understand that in a certain sense
this was true: I was a bearer of
dispatches, not from an earthly
leader, but a heavenly. This in-
cident suggested this text as a
suitable one for young soldiers:
"Fight the good fight of faith and
lay hold of eternal life." 1 Tim.,
6, 12.

Early in the afternoon I reached
Huttonsville in Randolph Co.,
where I found the people much
excited and worried, and wearied
to the verge of exhaustion by at-
tention to the soldiers a day or
two before. Some persons seemed
very desponding of the final
success of our army because of
the overwhelming numbers threat-
ened us by the North. Especially
the States of Ohio and Pennsylvania.
I tried to cheer them up by
saying to them that the cause of
Virginia is a just one, such as the
God of Hosts would approve. We
might be slain in battle but never
conquered. After the State had
used all honorable means to com-
promise the difficulties and even
in the act of devising the means
of adjustment there comes an un-
constitutional repudiation upon the
commonwealth for three regiments
of soldiers to shed the blood of
those whose interests are
identified with ours. The ques-
tion then was whether we should
sustain this usurpation of power
and draw the sword against our
friends, or whether it should be
resisted and stand on the defensive.
If let alone no blood would be
shed, but if assailed then battle
for all that is near and dear to the
noble heart.

Moreover in my table and fire-
side conversations I tried to im-
press the minds of all that the
question now is whether Virginians
shall have the privilege of self
government and regulate our
taxes according to our interests
and social institutions require, or
whether we are to have our laws
made for us, and enforced by rul-
ers, whose popularity at home is
in direct proportion to their har-
dred of us and abuse of our so-
cial and political institutions.

After spending the evening call-
ing upon different persons and
families I sought lodging at the
house of Squire John Hutton.
Aunt Dolly looked up the fam-
ily Bible and lighted a fresh tallow
candle and arranged for evening
worship at a late hour. I retired
very weary on the verge of nerv-
ous prostration but very thank-
ful that Cheat Mountain had been
crossed in safety, and the state of
public feeling in this part of the
valley in a much more friendly
mood than I had anticipated.

Thursday morning I set out on
my way to Grafton. It was May
23, 1861. Hon John Hutton, a
most estimable gentleman, but of
the decided opinion that a mistake
had been made in sending troops
to West Virginia, advised me to
leave my military accoutrements
with him for I would be much safer
without them, and this I did,

such was my confidence in his
judgement. Upon leaving I asked
Aunt Dolly Hutton, a very pi-
ous lady, in fullest sympathy with
the Confederate soldiers so will-
ingly going where her husband
was sure they would be sacrificed
to no good purpose, to tell all the
good people to remember us in
their prayers, which she tearfully
promised to do. After riding a few
miles down the beautiful valley,
the emerald gem of all West Vir-
ginia, I came to Mr Henry Har-
per's not far from Beverly, where
I found the young preacher, and
his party, with whom I had travel-
led the previous day. He was in
much anxiety of mind, arising
from a letter just received from
Rev F. L. Preston by Mr Har-
per. We took a walk and had a
long interview. It appeared that
at the last meeting of Lexington
Presbytery Mr Preston was pre-
sented on by his friends to apply
for the chaplaincy of the cadet
corps which had been called into
the service of Virginia. Mr Pres-
ton requested Mr Harris to visit
the churches in Tygart's Valley,
which he had been supplying and
while thus engaged had his home
at Mr Harper's, and if it was
agreeable to supply them during
his absence to Harpers Ferry.
Mr Harris consented to do so and
the arrangement seemed so ac-
ceptable to all that he went at
once to Kerr's Creek, Rockbridge
County, packed up his effects with
a view to moving his family, and
was now here prepared to assume
his ministerial duties in the new
field. Upon his coming here yester-
day however he was shown a
letter from Mr Preston to Mr
Harper stating that he had not re-
ceived the appointment as chap-
lain and that he was at ease "lay-
ing upon his elbow, and would be
to see them in a few days."

Mr Harris asked my advice,
which I gave to this effect: That
he should recall all his appoint-
ments for preaching for the pres-
ent. Leave at once for some oth-
er field temporarily until these
people should have another op-
portunity to secure Mr Preston's
services. Should they fail in do-
ing so, as I felt sure they would,
then he would be relieved from
the imputation that he was to
blame for Mr Preston's not set-
tling among them. I took pains
to assure him that I regarded this
state of things as altogether un-
intentional on the part of anyone.
The Lord will provide for the safety
and well being of his true and
faithful servants, and show each
one where and when he must la-
bor in His blessed service. I
professed to know Preston as well
as it was possible for one person
to know another. We had been
class mates three years, and I had
found him a better character than
I had ever dreamed it possible for
a young man to be.

Having thus tried to arrange
matters for the perplexed brother
Harris, I resumed my journey af-
ter dinner and soon reached Bev-
erly. A large number of persons
were in town, the main street so
crowded that it was difficult to get
through, so I flanked and went
down a back street. The ordi-
nary of Secession was being vot-
ed on, and yet all seemed serious-
ly quiet and orderly among the
people. I called upon the pastor,
Rev Enoch Thomas, but found
him absent. I spent a pleasant
hour with his family, much of our
conversation was of a religious
tone. Mrs Thomas in her quiet,
earnest way, a lady whose char-
acter had been chastened and pu-
rified by adversity said that
the 46th Psalm possessed at this
time peculiar sweetness for her:
"God is our refuge and strength,
a very present help in time of trou-
ble. Therefore will not we fear
though the earth be removed and
though the mountains be carried
into the midst of the sea; though
the waters thereof roar and be trou-
bled, though the mountains shake
with the swelling thereof. Selah".
With this refined, pure and cul-
tured woman, mountains symbolized
governments and waters the peo-
ple.

Upon resuming my journey I
found upon inquiry that that it
would be better not to go more
than six or seven miles farther
that afternoon and there spend
the night, and so I rode along
very leisurely. Just on the out-
skirts of Beverly I met armed
men who had probably accompan-
ied the Highland, Pendleton and
Randolph troops a short distance
on their march. It was deeply im-
pressive to reflect on what change
a few weeks had brought about in
these secluded and peaceful moun-
tain retreats. Very soon after
meeting the armed citizens I saw
a solitary person approaching at
a brisk, head long trot. He was
mounted on a very ordinary look-
ing horse. The saddle and sad-
dle bags were of home tanned
leather, coarse and heavy, very
needy of the attention of a cob-
bler, while his clothing was of
plain homespun jeans. His loose-
ly fitting coat was threadbare and
cut at the elbows, and his crum-
pled slouch hat nearly concealed
his shaggy eye brows beneath
which blazed a pair of piercing
and inquisitive eyes, such as are
seldom seen in a life time and
never to be forgotten. He rather
abruptly stopped me in the road
by a stentorian inquiry whether I
was from Beverly.

"How is the vote?"
"I think Secession has the ma-
jority."

"Do you say the Secession can-
didate is ahead? I have the hon-
or to be that candidate."
And this was really so: the suc-
cessful candidate for the Vir-
ginia house of delegates was before
me, elected by the counties of
Randolph and Tucker. What a
comment upon the democratic
tendencies of our political insti-
tutions when candidates to be popu-
lar should dress like the Biblical
Gibeonites and behave accordingly.
One of the blessings of this
civil war we may hope, will be to
inaugurate a happier era by sweep-
ing the depraved and vicious from
the political arena, of teaching them
to prize their political privileges
by choosing the best, not the
worst looking of men for their rul-
ers.

Within a mile or so of the pro-
posed place for passing the night
I overtook a citizen who profess-
ed to have heard authentic particu-
lars of the state of things at
Grafton. He said that he had talk-
ed the day before with a waggoner
just from Grafton, or very near
there, and he reports five hundred
Union soldiers in the place. "A
number of cannon are planted at
the Fetterman bridge, and before
the troops, just gone on, can enter
Grafton, a fight must be had."

All this made me feel very
gloomy and caused me to spend
a very uncomfortable evening
from that on, a mile or so. Just
as the sun was setting I forded
the river at the once famous "Red
Barn" with its eight corners and
smoke house roof. Mrs Craw-
ford, her lovely daughters and
pleasant boys made my stay with
them more than pleasant. The
news they had was of a far more
cheerful tone than what I had
just heard up the road. I felt the
pleasure one has when meeting
friends known for years, received
and entertained as I was by these
lovely people, whom I met for the
first time that evening, and have
never seen since. The city of El-
kins now occupies about all that
was then in sight.

W. T. P.

TWO OLD CONFEDERATES

"Two interesting characters
were in my den the other day,"
said a writing man, who knows a
good many different kinds of peo-
ple. "Col. Prentiss Ingraham,
the globe trotter, and champion
novelist, was loafing with me on a
Sunday afternoon when Col Pat
Donan, also globe trotter and
champion boomer and language
slinger, came in. They had never
met, when I introduced them,
they began comparing notes as
each knew the other by name.
They discovered the fact that they
were both from Mississippi, and
then it developed that they both
had fought through the Civil war
wearing the gray, and after that
scrap, they had refused to be re-
constructed and had gone away
to Mexico. Here, as strange as
it may seem, their paths diverged,
and while Ingraham went into the
Mexican Army, Donan cast his
fortunes with the French, and it
was not until some time before
they were fighting each other as vig-
orously as they had fought the Yan-
kees. Fortunately they did not
meet each other on any bloody
fields and they were preserved to
posterity. In time they came
back to their native heath, when
Donan started a newspaper in
Missouri, which within a year had
a circulation of 250,000 copies,
and Ingraham some time later be-
gan writing the first of some eight
hundred novels he has since turn-
ed loose on the country. Donan's
paper, the Caucasian, lost its grip
as sectional differences healed,
and though he made money be-
fore it quit, he let it all go to his
friends, who thought thought they
needed more than he did and got
his name to their notes. Now,
both of them, still active, though
approaching the three score mark
are hustling with youthful vigor
to make both ends tie if they can.
Another peculiarity they discov-
ered was that while neither is Re-
publican, they are just about as
far from being Democrats, that is
to say, the kind of Democrats de-
mocracy furnishes nowadays."—
New York Sun.

Edgar S. McClay, who critic-
ed Admiral Schley in his history
for not winning fights according
to the rules laid down by the Mar-
quis of Dogberry has been sum-
marily removed by the President
from a position of trust which he
held in the Brooklyn Navy Yard.
On the same day, says the New
York Sun, Ulmer Brewing Com-
pany, got a judgement of \$36
against McClay for beer. Thus
misfortunes never, come singly,
he lost his place and his credit at
the brewer's the same day.

At Laurel Hill, W. Va., Ballard
Sowards and Walter Sowards,
cousins and neighbors, had an al-
tercation over domestic affairs
which resulted in Walter being
shot twice by Ballard and it is
thought that he will die.

The citizens of Lewisburg have
raised a fund of \$16,000 to the
Lewisburg Institute of which
Capt. A. P. Mathews contributed
\$5,000.

NOSBY'S REMINISCENCES.

Extracts from his Published Remi-
niscences, Geo. A. Jones &
Co. Boston.

"Oh! shadow of glory—dim im-
age of war—
The chase hath no story—her
hero no star."
—Byron, Deformed Transformed

After the first battle of Bull
Run, Stuart's cavalry was engag-
ed in doing outpost duty on our
front, which extended from the
hills above Washington to Occo-
quan, on the lower Potomac.
There were no opportunities for
adventurous enterprise. McClel-
lan's army was almost in a state
of siege in Washington, and his
cavalry but rarely showed them-
selves outside the infantry picket
lines. We had to go on picket
duty three times a week and remain
twenty-four hours. The work was
pretty hard; but still, soldiers
liked it better than the irksome
life of the camp. I have often sat
alone on my horse from midnight
to daybreak, keeping watch over
the sleeping army. During this
period of inactivity the stereotyp-
ed message sent every night from
Washington to the northern press
was, "All quiet along the Poto-
mac."

While I was a private in Stu-
art's cavalry, I never missed but
one tour of outpost duty, and
then I was confined in the hospi-
tal from an injury. With one other
I was stationed at the post on the
road from Fall's Church to
Levinville in Fairfax. At night
we relieved each other alternately,
one sleeping while the other
watched. About dusk Captain
Jones had ridden to the post and
instructed us that we had no
troops outside our lines on that
road, and that we must fire with-
out halting on any body of men
approaching from that direction,
as they would be the enemy. The
night was dark, and it had come
my turn to sleep. I was lying on
the ground with the soft side of a
stone for my pillow, when I was
suddenly awakened by my com-
panion who called to me to mount
as the Yankees were coming. In
an almost unconscious state I
leaped into my saddle and at the
same instant threw forward my
carbine, and both of us fired on a
body of cavalry not fifty yards dis-
tance. Fortunately we both fired
so low that our bullets struck the
ground just in front of them. The
flash of my carbine in my horse's
face frightened him terribly. He
wheeled and that is the last thing
I remember about that night. The
next thing I recollect is that some
time during the next day I became
conscious, and found myself lying
on a bed at the house of the keep-
er of the toll-gate. Capt. Jones
and several of the men of my com-
pany were standing by me. It
appears that the night before Stuart
had sent a company of cavalry
to Levinville for some pur-
pose. This company had gone out
by one road and returned on the
one where I had been posted. My
horse had run away and fallen over
a cow that was lying down, and
rolled over me. The company
of cavalry coming along the
same way, their horses in front
started and snorted at something
lying in the road. They halted,
some of them dismounted to see
what it was, and discovered me
there in an insensible state. They
picked me up and carried me into
the village apparently dying. I
was bruised from head to foot,
and felt that everyone in my bod-
y had been broken. I had to be
carried to Fairfax Court House in
an ambulance. There is a tradi-
tion that when Capt. Jones look-
ed on me that night he swore hard-
er than the army in Flanders.
The feelings he expressed for the
officer in fault were not so benevo-
lent as my Uncle Toby's for the
fly.

While the cavalry did not have
an opportunity to do much fight-
ing during the first year of the
war they learned to perform the
duties and endure the privations
of a soldiers life. My experience
in this school was of great advan-
tage to me in the after years when
I became a commander. There was
a thirst for adventure among the
men in the cavalry, and a positive
pleasure to get an occasional shot
"from a rifleman hid in a thicket".
There were often false alarms and
sometimes real ones, from scout-
ing parties of infantry who would
come up at night to surprise our
pickets. A vivid imagination uni-
fied with a nervous temperament
can see in the dark the shapes of
many things that have no exist-
ence. A rabbit making its noctur-
nal rounds, a cow grazing, a
hog rooting for acorns, an owl
hooting, the screech of a night-
hawk could often arouse and
sometimes stampede an outpost
or draw the fire of a whole line
of pickets. At the first shot the re-
serve would mount; and soon the
videttes would come running at
full speed. There was an old gray
horse roaming about the fields at
Fairfax Court House during the
first winter of the war that must
have been fired at a hundred times
at night by our videttes, and yet
was never touched. I have never
heard whether Congress voted
him a pension. The last time I
ever was on picket duty was in

February, 1862. The snow was
deep and hard frozen. My post
was on the out skirts of Fairfax
Court House, at the junction of
the Washington road and turn-
pike. I wore a woolen hood to
keep my ears from freezing, and
a blanket thrown around me as a
protection against the cold wind.

The night was clear, and all
that's best of dark and bright. I
sat on my horse under the shadow
of a tree both as a protection
from the piercing blast and as a
screen from the sight of the ene-
my. I had gone on duty at mid-
night to remain until daybreak.
The deep silence was occasionally
broken by the cry of "Halt!"
from some distant sentinel, as he
challenged the patrol or relief.
The swaying branches of the trees
in the moonlight cast all sorts of
fantastic forms on the crystal
snow. In this deep solitude, I
was watching for danger and
communing with the spirit of the
past. At this very spot a few
nights before, the vidette had
been fired upon by a scouting party
of infantry that had come up
from McClellan's camps below.
But the old gray horse had sever-
al times got up a panic there rais-
ing a laugh on the soldiers.

Now I confess I was about as
much afraid of ridicule as of be-
ing shot, and so, unless I got kill-
ed or captured, I resolved to
spend the night there. Horatius
Cocles was not more determined
to hold his position on the bridge
of the tiber than I was to stay at
my post, but perhaps his motives
were less mixed than mine. I had
been pondering and remembering
the fields that I had traversed "in
life's morning march when my bos-
om was young." I was suddenly
aroused by the crash of footsteps
breaking the crust of the hard
snow. The sound appeared to
proceed from something ap-
proaching me with the measured
tread of a file of soldiers. It was
screened from my view by some
houses near the road side. I was
sure it was an enemy creeping up
to get a shot at me, for I thought
that even the old horse would not
have ventured out on such a night
unless under orders. My heart
began to sicken with me pretty
much like Hector's did when he
had to face the wrath of Achilles.

My horse, shivering with cold,
with the instinct of danger, pricked
up his ears and listened as eagerly
as I did to the footsteps as they
got near. I drew my pistol, cock-
ed it and took aim at the corner
around which the object must
come. I wanted the advantage
of the first shot. Just then the
roar of a hundred panics appeared
—the old gray horse! I returned
my pistol to my belt and relapsed
into reverie. I was happy: my
credit as a soldier had been saved.

GREEN BANK

Hello Mr Editor, how did you
get through the holidays? I
hope you had a good time like
your correspondent. Just to see
the White Cap Cavalry marching
through the town, you would
have laughed your self sore: rid-
ing fine studs and dressed in fan-
cy uniforms. Ha! ha! howdy-do!
My side is sore yet, from laugh-
ing—Christmas comes but once
a year, but oh what fun we often
hear. The fireworks were grand
and old Santa was around with
lots of nice things but he did not
call on your correspondent.

Deputy Sheriff Spetsers was in
town today (Monday).
Summers Sharp who is teach-
ing near Arboreale, was in town
Saturday.

W. J. Yeager of Travelers Re-
pose, with his family, spent Xmas
week in town.

Jacob Hevener and family, of
Crabottom, are the guests of
Rev J. W. McNeil, at this time.

The school building came near
burning down last Monday even-
ing. The wood that had been car-
ried in for the morning fire was
laid against the stove. Teachers
should see that all fire is out be-
fore leaving the house.

Rev H. W. McLaughlin and
family are off to Lewisburg on a
visit.

Walter Ralston was over to
McDowell to see his betsy last
week.

The Sunday Christmas tree at
Wesley Chapel was a thing of
beauty and a joy to the children.

On Friday evening December
27th, 1901, at 7 p. m. the parson-
age occupied by Rev J. W. Mc-
Neil was charged and entered by
a crowd of men women and chil-
dren, and such a pounding as they
gave the inmates was a caution!
The preacher was unable to fill
his appointment the following
Sunday, (for the river was up).

RIGGANS — BAXTER

Married on Thursday, Decem-
ber 12th, 1901, at the home of the
bride, Mr William B. Riggans
and Miss Lucy E. Baxter, by
Rev Geo. P. Moore, officiating
minister. The bride is the daugh-
ter of Mr and Mrs W. H. Baxter,
and has been a teacher of schools
for a number of years, and is a
much respected and highly es-
teemed young lady. The groom
is a native of North Carolina and
has had a position with the Lynch
Lumber Company for some time.
A FRIEND.

THE LEWISBURG SEMINARY.

The Location of the L. F. I. Must not
Lightly Decided.

A great deal of talk has been
going the rounds apropos to the
plan to remove the Lewisburg Fe-
male Seminary from that place to
Charleston. This is well. The more
the better. The thing cannot and
must not be done in a corner.
The discussion cannot do the
least harm to the school in any
event. It will necessarily call it
to the attention of men who be-
fore have felt no interest in the
school whatever. The school
should be benefited, no matter
what is decided about the location.
"In the multitude of counselors
there is wisdom." It will be
found here as well as in other
things. Now this matter cannot
be lightly decided. We must
look at it from all sides, and see
what is best for the school. The
considerations of its value, either
to Lewisburg or Charleston, have
been secondary with me. I am
for the school first, last and all the
time. I want to see it succeed, as
it deserves, and to this end I am
willing to consider everything that
may be suggested, that may prove
of benefit. There has been a
great deal of unkind criticism of
the position of Charleston with
reference to this matter. As I
have always taken an active part
in the discussion since it was first
brought up, it may not be amiss for
me to say something with refer-
ence to it here for the benefit of
those who do not seem to under-
stand our position.

The facts of the case are just
these: The business men of Char-
leston have decided to make an
offer of \$50,000 for the location
of the school in this city. The
Board of Trustees of the school
who will have to decide whether
or not this proposition will be ac-
cepted are all residents of Lewis-
burg or vicinity. We have no say
so in the matter. All we can do
is to make our proposition fair
and square, and they will have to
make the decision. They are at
perfect liberty to reject or accept
it, as they will. We are taking no
unfair advantage of them. The
misfortune to the school has noth-
ing to do with the matter. It
has long been felt by some of us
that it can do better work in some
other place than it can there. We
do not want to make anybody
mad in this matter. Charleston
can not run this school as it should
be conducted without the aid and
patronage of Lewisburg. The ten-
ture Greenbrier contingent must
place themselves behind the insti-
tution and push for it no matter
where it may be located. And the
same may be said of Lewisburg.
They cannot run the school with-
out the aid and patronage of
Charleston. They cannot afford
to make anybody mad down here.
A good part of the support of the
school has already been coming
from this place. It will continue
to go the school whether it is lo-
cated here or at Lewisburg. We
simply want them to understand
that if we get the school it will
be with the full consent of their
own people and not otherwise.

A good deal has been said of
the parable of Nathan to David,
in which the rich man, who had
abundant flocks and herds, sent
and took by force the poor man's
one ewe lamb which he had nur-
tured in his bosom and brought
up as if she had been a daughter.
But the comparison does not ap-
ply. In the parable the rich man
killed the lamb, and we want simply
to take this little lamb and put
her in a pasture where the grass
is knee high, and then just watch
that lamb grow fat. This is our
position exactly. There are some
facts about this school which must
be looked fairly in the face. The
school has been located at Lewis-
burg for nearly a century. In all
that time it has never gotten one
cent of endowment, it has been
dependent upon the tuition of pu-
pils to pay the expenses. Its
equipment has been in no wise
equal to its opportunities or ade-
quate to its work. Every year
young ladies from all parts of the
State have been going there to
school, and have been sent home
again, or have gone some where
else, and why? Simply because
the equipment of the school would
not allow that they be received.
There was no place to put them.
The school has lost a great deal
because of this very thing. It
ought to have room for all who
come, but the fact remains that it
never has had. I wish that it were
possible for all to lay aside any
sentiment, or considerations of
personal benefit to be brought by
the school. It is this way with me
I am working for the school.
Whether Charleston or Lewis-
burg is to be benefited by it, is a
secondary importance. If the
school comes here I am going to
do all in my power to make it a
success. If it remains at its pres-
ent location my efforts will be
none the less.

There is another thing which
will put a different face on the
matter. There is a movement on
foot to place behind this school
the entire body of Presbyterians
in this State, both North and
South. This has not materialized,
but it is on the way. If it does
come about it will mean an endow-
ment for the school that will en-
able the expenses to be paid out of
the interest, and that will enable
the president to reduce the tuition
fees, making it much more capa-
ble of benefiting the class who
cannot pay the fees as they are.
It means that the school will grow
and that in a few years it will
stand alongside of any other insti-
tution of its kind in the South.
There are different opinions con-
cerning the preferable location,
and do it without being ashamed
of itself either. The school is go-
ing to be rebuilt. We would like
to see it rebuilt not on the same
scale as it was before, but larger
in every way. If Charleston can
do that, then her offer will deserve
the deepest consideration. It is
not to be decided in a moment.
Let them all be made.—R. E. Vin-
son, in Charleston Gazette.

TYPE-SETTING MACHINES

One of the greatest sights in
the world is to see a Linotype
typesetting machine at work, and
during the month the Times has
been using one in its office hun-
dreds of people come in to see it
work and say "why its got sense
like a man."